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POSTS

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# Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning with A

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Abbott, Lucille

"Amid the gloom of chaos --"

LINCOLN

Amid the gloom of chaos.  
A guiding light led through  
In calm and earnest progress  
To victory sure and true.

He broke the chains of slavery  
To free the hearts of men;  
Consumed his own life gladly  
In cause of right, and then  
A martyr for a union saved,  
He died to live again.

With each year grows the brighter  
The ideals and the deeds  
Which, planted in the bloody fray,  
Still blossom for our needs.

—LUCILLE ABBOTT

Farmersville, Ill.

*all H. B. Abbott  
2/12/30*

POEMS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK

STATUE OF LINCOLN

BY LUCY THURSTON ABBOTT

What ho, small man! You place your hopes full high  
Thou of the ragged coat and rosy face,  
To climb the polished base of marble where  
Great Lincoln stands, with lofty brow and eye  
Embodiment of freedom to a race  
Whose free descendants give him homage there.

Up with the foot! Fear naught, and persevere,  
Higher and higher, clinging with knee and hand.  
So this great man once struggled, tireless,  
Looked ever upward, strove with courage clear  
While his companions stood, as yours now stand,  
And watched his progress, doubting its success.

There now stands, the martyred President;  
His work well done and, in that calm, strong face,  
The record of a conquest, and God's air  
Is purer for the proclamation sent.  
Who knows but that the future yet may place  
Thee by his side, lad of the rumpled hair.

BOSTON POST, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1948



**THE END OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON***By Robert D. Abrahams*

(August 24, 1814)

I'M ABNER THOMAS, Maryland Militia,  
Or was until this minute, but I quit.  
I'm going home and leave the war to soldiers,  
And so are all these other  
friends of mine.  
Captain Prentiss says, "Men, you're afraid."  
I guess it's true—we are—who wouldn't be,  
Watching the British raiders sack the town?  
Our Capitol—the President's house and all—  
With Madison himself a-running off,  
And Dolly with him, scurrying away.  
Where will it end? How can we fight these fellows?  
They have the guns, the money and the men,  
And we're just farmers—called  
away from work,  
Good enough to vote in some town meeting,  
To dance at harvesttime or go to church,  
But not so good at breaking  
Redcoat squares.  
"Your fathers did it," Captain Prentiss says.  
But that was different, back in '76.  
They must have been another breed of men,  
Though I've known veterans  
who remember Trenton,  
Saratoga, Valley Forge and Yorktown.  
They're nothing but a pack of ailing oldsters,  
Talking so big about the way they fought;  
Not one of them could load  
a musket now.  
Yet in their day they must have been brave men—  
Willing to fight and die for what they loved.  
But they had Washington  
to brace them up—  
While we have Captain Prentiss, just a farmer  
Like ourselves. Who's he to beat all Europe?  
I'm going home to tend my own good acres;  
Let Captain Prentiss fight his war alone.  
This town they named for Washington is gone  
Like all those other big, American notions.  
They'll never build it up again, I'm sure;  
We might as well forget it and go home.

\* \* \*

[On your right, ladies and gentlemen, is the  
Washington Monument, 555 feet high, containing  
900 steps and an elevator;  
This forms one end of the axis on the Plan of  
Washington devised by Major L'Enfant;  
A pleasanter kind of axis than they have in Europe,  
ha-ha.  
Kindly watch your step leaving the bus;  
We will pause here twenty minutes in order to give  
you time to ascend the monument  
And get a magnificent view of the City of  
Washington, the most beautiful in the Western  
World.]

(July 22, 1861)

Maybe I'm a fool to try at all—  
Could I have stopped the bloodshed at Bull Run?  
Many a man will say it's on my hands;  
Many a man will feel that I presumed.  
"The great gorilla, late of Illinois;  
The backwoods lawyer, swimming out of depth—  
What does he know of war or peace?" they'll say.  
Maybe they're right at that, for who am I—  
Abe Lincoln—one among the millions,  
Good enough to swing a Western jury,  
But am I good enough to save the Union?  
I thought I was, but maybe I was wrong.  
Today I walked the streets of Washington  
And tried to hearten stragglers to come back.  
They jeered at me and shouted, "Go home, Abe—  
Back to the prairie—back to the Black Hawk War.  
We're going home to Maine and Massachusetts;  
The Rebs will be in Washington tomorrow.  
You better use those legs of yours and git!"  
But one old doddering veteran of some war—  
I think he said his name was Abner Thomas—  
Introduced himself to me and said,  
"Don't worry, Mr. President, go on—  
We were scared before, but we fought back."  
Maybe they will burn Washington tomorrow;  
Maybe they'll take me prisoner as well—  
A President of Disunited States.  
In '76 they found a Washington—  
In 1812 an Andy Jackson came;  
This time, they may have tempted fate too far,  
Giving Abe Lincoln power over men.  
Sometimes I wish I never had been born;  
I'd like to run and hide; I'd like to quit,  
But I allow I'll stay and see it through—  
I mean to save the Union or to die.  
I guess the dream we had is almost over—  
The notion of a land that free men hold:  
One country—all our own from sea to sea.  
Come, Tad, let's take a walk and  
talk to soldiers;  
Let's tell them jokes and hide how scared we are.

\* \* \*

[Before you, ladies and gentlemen, is the Lincoln  
Memorial, the most beautiful monument on  
earth—  
The seated statue of Abraham Lincoln may be seen  
through the open doorway—  
Kindly watch your step leaving the bus—  
We will pause here twenty minutes in order to give  
you time to go in and read the inscriptions.  
Yes, sonny, he was a poor rail splitter, grew up to be  
President, freed the slaves and saved the Union.  
That's right, my boy, read it—there it is—right there—  
". . . Of the people—by the people—for the  
people—shall not perish from the earth."]

## The Lincoln Song of Old Man Willets

By ROBERT D. ABRAHAMS

(Yep, I'm an old-timer who looked on his body,  
Not many are left who can say that today;  
My chief claim to glory, I'll always proclaim it—  
I lived on this earth when a man walked this  
way.)

By the banks of the Sangamon River he sat,  
And he dreamed of his destiny fair,  
And he knew not what called him, but knew he  
was called  
To a journey a great way from there.

Get along then, Abe Lincoln, get you up and get  
going.  
There's a long road awaiting to carry you far.  
There's no time to be sitting, awatching the river.  
Come along now; get going and follow your star.

At the rail in the courtroom in Springfield he stood  
As he pleaded a litigant's cause,  
But he knew in his heart that he couldn't stay long,  
Just expounding some other man's laws.

Get along there, Abe Lincoln, the Union is  
waiting;  
The hope of the world may be falling apart;  
There's no time to be wasted in country disputing.  
Get along there, come forward; it's time for a  
start.

On the steps of the White House the man Lincoln  
climbed,  
And he entered and made the place home.  
He wished he could rest, but so much must be  
done;  
He had only a day to build Rome.

Get along there, Abe Lincoln, all history's calling  
And black men unborn will rise blessing your  
name.  
There's no time for a fellow to rest in the White  
House.  
Get you up and keep going; the world is aflame.

In the tomb back in Springfield, Old Abe rests at  
last,  
But the road that he walked shall not end  
While the people he loved is a people alive,  
And there yet lives one cause to defend.

Get along then, Abe Lincoln; get you up and get  
going.  
I know now what called you and where you were  
bound;  
And this I know surely, because you have walked  
here—  
Forever and ever a music shall sound.

2/12/44



## *Abe Lincoln In Indiana*

*(When he and the state were young)*

By JOE ADAMS

*In Eighteen Sixteen, at the age of seven,  
The eager Abe came to this budding state,  
The year it was admitted to the Union,  
Predestined, as was Lincoln, to be great.*

*Near Gentryville, in rugged Spencer County,  
A vast playground a youngster could enjoy,  
He grew in strength and wisdom into manhood,  
And then went on to fame in Illinois.*

*But here he garnered knowledge of the ages,  
Reading by a cabin firelight;  
And here his mother died—an early sorrow  
Such as o'er his life would cast a blight.*

*Even in his youth in Indiana  
There were signs that he was marked by Destiny,  
And it helped this state achieve its great distinction  
As a keystone of its wondrous history.*

*For here, 'twould seem, young Lincoln was inspired  
To chart a way of life that still holds true,  
And, thus, the 14 crucial years he spent here  
Were productive years for Indiana, too.*



Akines, Mrs. J. L.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"O Lincoln! Thou the great friend of  
humanity"

To

## Abraham Lincoln

By MRS. J. L. AKINES,  
Browning, Ill.

O Lincoln! Thou the great friend of  
humanity  
Acknowledged as our nation's savior,  
Who followed the guidance of the  
Man of Galilee,  
Whose example was manifest in  
all behavior.

Sorrow and pain thou, too, didst  
know,  
As along life's pathway you trod;  
Sympathy, kindness and love you did  
show  
To all, as did also the Man of God.

We revere thy illustrious name so  
great,  
Thy fortitude, courage and strength  
Of purpose, in daring to liberate  
Those who in bondage had suffered  
at length.

Oh, if only in this old world's hour  
of need,  
In the chaotic conditions of life  
today,  
Men would follow your example and  
creed,  
'Twould banish malice and much  
suffering allay.

Truly the people of our nation still  
mourn  
The extremely tragic and untimely loss  
Of one so dearly loved—yet was  
heavenward borne,  
Leaving hearts torn and bleeding,  
feeling naught but dross.

## Verse for Today

### SIGNED—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

To those who are to come I would bequeath  
All that I hold so dear—the changeless  
things

Like love and faith and hope, brown, fragrant earth,

Tall trees, and warm red autumns, and green springs.

I leave the gift of laughter, and the myrrh  
Of tears, men's adoration and their hate,

The agony of wounds I could not heal,  
The kindness and the cruelty of fate.

I leave the pen upon the written page  
With sentence incomplete, words, still  
unsaid,

Half-formed upon my lips, a broken thread  
Upon the loom, yet I am comforted

For I have seen the hesitating hands  
Of brotherhood stretched forth. I saw

the gleam

Or world-peace. I leave for those to come,  
Love, hope and faith—to carry out the  
dream.

Dorothy P. Albaugh.

## Lincoln

Like One who went before him, he was known  
To be a man of sorrows. Not the pain  
And weariness of yesterday alone,  
Nor of today, but the unending reign  
Of terror that arose when mankind found  
The gates of Eden locked, and turned to place  
Presumptuous feet upon a battle ground.—  
This was the cross he bore. Does he still pace  
The war-scarred fields? Perhaps his shadow falls  
On ragged peasants seeking to retrieve  
Some dear debris beneath their ruined walls.  
The sight of concentration camps would grieve  
Him so. God grant  
He may not hear of slave or emigrant.

Dorothy P. Albaugh.

*Columbus Dispatch*

2-12-39

ALBAUGH, DOROTHY

Columbus Dispatch  
February 12, 1959

### VERSE FOR TODAY

#### A. LINCOLN, AMERICAN

*Beyond the petty power of critic pens  
That seek to smirch a name with  
"unearthed" facts,  
He stands with shadow ever  
lengthening,  
His deathless beauty mirrored in  
his acts.  
(For homeliness is but a surface  
thing,  
And inner grandeur makes a man  
a king.)  
He set his standard on so high a peak  
That only now and then the low  
clouds lift—  
The clouds of bitterness and strife—  
and we  
Can comprehend the shining of  
the gift  
Of selfless love he left us—the gold  
key  
To sacred honor and nobility.*

*Dorothy P. Albaugh*



Albaugh, Dorothy P.

"Your love for this fair land must surely make"

FEB 12 1965

### VERSE FOR TODAY

#### TO LINCOLN IN AN HOUR OF CRISIS

Your love for this fair land  
must surely make,  
In other fairer climes, your  
spirit take

Stock of our trials, and  
make you long to aid  
Our doubtful peace. Is it  
for this you laid  
Your life upon the altar?

Peace should be  
A state of honorable  
security.

You taught us humbleness,  
yet self respect,  
Concern for all mankind,  
yet to reject  
Subserviency. Oh, may we  
realize

Peace is not bought with  
gold or compromise  
Or conscious patronage or  
threatened power,  
But earned, with God's  
help, in a crisis hour.

Dorothy P. Albaugh

### VERSE FOR TODAY

#### QUOTATION FROM A. LINCOLN

"Folks are about as happy," Lincoln  
said,  
"As they make up their minds to be."  
He knew;  
For in his lifetime he was never led  
On peaceful roads; the sky was  
seldom blue.  
And yet he kept on jesting while  
men jeered,  
And when they shouted "Mounte-  
bank" and "Fool,"  
He never let them guess the pain  
that seared  
His heart, but countered with the  
Golden Rule.  
He had a food supply within his  
brain  
That nourished him when mental  
famine stalked.  
His spirit was refreshed by inner rain  
Upon the deserts he so often walked.  
He was so busy with the world's  
distress  
He did not question his own  
happiness.

Dorothy P. Albaugh

7

Like One who went before him, he was known  
To be a man of sorrows. Not the pain  
And weariness of yesterday alone,  
Nor of today, but the unending reign  
Of terror that arose when mankind found  
The gates of Eden locked, and turned to place  
Presumptuous feet upon a battle ground.--  
This was the cross he bore. Does he still pace  
The war-scarred fields? Perhaps his shadow falls  
On ragged peasants seeking to retrieve  
Some dear debris beneath their ruined walls.  
The sight of concentration camps would grieve  
Him so. God grant  
He may not hear of slave or emigrant.

NEW YORK  
**Herald Tribune**

**FEB 12 1955**

*Theme on Lincoln*

**I**F MY heart is choked up  
With the prejudice weed  
That tells there's a lesser  
Race, color or creed,  
An assassin still walks,  
Though years have gone by—  
The man who shot Lincoln  
Was I!

DOREEN DENDIEVEL ALLEN.



2-11-1899

## The Star of Sangamon 1899

Some three years ago the New York Herald offered \$1,000 in three prizes for the three best poems on the life of Abraham Lincoln. Many persons took part in this contest but the winner of the first prize was Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen, pastor of the leading Presbyterian church of Newark, N. J. We mention this fact both because of the superior excellence of the poem and because of the interest to Knoxville readers in that Mrs. Allen was formerly Miss Myra Irwin, a much beloved teacher in our high school in 1878-79. We give the poem at this particular time because Sunday is Lincoln's birthday and we know of nothing finer for our readers on the subject.

A nation called through the gloom  
In one long wail of despair,  
One multitudinous prayer,  
'Neath portent of hastening doom;  
And myriad strained eyes  
Were lifted to lowering skies.

But on a sudden the night  
Was shaken; a marvelous light  
Burst forth, an effulgent spark  
Against the o'erwhelming dark.

It waxed, it whitened, it shone  
Aflame in the widening zone  
Of dawn; and a world intent  
Read, scanning the firmament,  
God's covenant blazed thereon,  
America's horoscope,  
The sign of a nation's hope,  
The Star of Sangamon.

Not out of the east, but the west;  
A star and a savior rose;  
A light to an eager quest,  
A spirit of grace possessed,  
Of faith 'mid increasing woes,  
Of wisdom manifest.

And, forth from the varient past  
Of thralldom's darkness, at last  
God's measureless love for man  
Wrought through heredity's dower  
The great American,  
Whose soul was the perfect flower  
Of patriotic planting in soil  
Kept moist by blood and tears,  
And fertile by the faithful toil  
Throughout unnumbered years.

Nor accident nor chance,  
But heavenly ordnance  
Set his nativity  
In ripened fulness of time,  
For sake of a race to be  
The pledge of a golden prime.

In lowliest spot he breathed  
His first sweet breath of the earth;  
And life's great Parent bequeathed  
Fair virginal Nature from birth  
To be his tutor and friend,  
His youthful steps to attend.

She led o'er the wooded hills  
And flowering prairied vales,  
Along by the summer's rills,  
Against the winter's gales,  
Through sweeps of primeval firs,  
Across the red man's trails.

She taught him the songs of birds,  
The sympathy-syllabled words  
Of water and earth and air,  
And pointed the winding stair  
That leads to Heaven, where climb  
The higher forces of time.

She bound him, that he might feel  
The weight of Oppression's heel;  
She starved him, that he might learn  
The hunger of souls that yearn;  
She bruised him, that he might know  
Somewhat of the world's great woe.

She helmed him with faith; she placed  
The girdle of strength at his waist;  
And over his breast she laid  
The buckler of right; the blade  
Of truth she set in his hand  
And bade him unwavering stand,  
As Moses stood with his rod,  
For freedom and God.

At length in a deathless hour  
She kissed him; a quickening power  
Shot forth through her lips of fire  
In touch of divine desire.

One long, sweet look of review;  
Then suddenly from her she threw  
Her manifold mantle of mystery;  
And facing the great Before,  
On unto the fated door,  
That opens out into history,  
In radiant rapture she led  
Her hero all panoplied,  
And thrust him from her to he,  
On mission immortal bent,  
Transfigurer of despair,  
The champion of Liberty,  
The hope of a continent,  
God's answer to prayer.

ALLAN,

Allan, L. W.

## LINCOLN'S PEW

"Within the historic church  
both eye and soul --"

Independent, Feb, 1913.

# Lincoln's Pew

By Lyman Whitney Allen

resident Lincoln's pew was in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church of Washington.)

Within the historic church both eye and soul  
Perceived it. 'Twas the pew where Lincoln sat—  
The only Lincoln God hath given to men—  
Olden among the modern seats of prayer,  
Dark like the 'sixties, place and past akin.  
All else has changed, but this remains the same,  
A sanctuary in a sanctuary.

Where Lincoln prayed!—What passion had his soul—  
Mixt faith and anguish melting into prayer  
Upon the burning altar of God's fane,  
A nation's altar even as his own!

Where Lincoln prayed!—Such worshipers as he  
Make thin ranks down the ages. Wouldst thou know  
His spirit suppliant? Then must thou feel  
War's fiery baptism, taste hate's bitter cup,  
Spend similar sweat of blood vicarious,  
And sound like cry, "If it be possible!"  
From stricken heart in new Gethsemane.

Who saw him there are gone, as he is gone;  
The pew remains, with what God gave him there,  
And all the world thru him. So let it be—  
One of the people's shrines.

Newark, N. J.

## The Lincoln Pew

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

WITHIN the historic church, both eye and soul  
Perceive it. 'Twas the pew where Lincoln  
sat—

The only Lincoln God hath given to men—  
Olden among the modern seats of prayer,  
Dark like the sixties, place and past akin,  
All else has changed, but this remains the same,  
A sanctuary in a sanctuary.

Where Lincoln prayed!—What passion had his  
soul—

Mixed faith and anguish melting into prayer  
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His spirit suppliant? Then must thou feel  
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The pew remains, with what God gave him there,  
And all the world through him. So let it be—  
One of the people's shrines.

*2/1/34*  
*Mich. Christian Advocate*



# The Lincoln Pew

As in Lincoln's Heart So in His Pew Was Room for All

Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe

**T**HE Lincoln Pew in New York Avenue church in Washington is a mecca for patriotic pilgrims.

During the World War numbers of our soldiers, passing through the Capital to embarkation, marched down the aisle to the small dark pew with the flag. Sometimes they sat there for a moment to hear the story of the man who prayed in that pew during the "dark sixties," who came there regularly, because he got, so he said, not partisan politics but something to feed his soul. Many a man in khaki slipped an offered Testament into his pocket there, as he heard that President Lincoln carried ever in his bosom a Testament and that he called his Bible the "Rock." They were told how the pastor of the church during the Civil War spent a night with the President who was following the movements of the troops on the map and how he begged him to pray for them and kneeling beside him, joined his voice in prayer for the Army.

In 1903 was celebrated in rare fashion the hundredth anniversary of New York Avenue church. On few

## The Lincoln Pew

LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN

Within the historic church both eye and soul  
Perceived it. 'Twas the pew where Lincoln sat—  
The only Lincoln God hath given to men—  
Olden among the modern seats of prayer,  
Dark like the 'sixties, place and past akin.  
All else has changed, but this remains the same,  
A sanctuary in a sanctuary.

Where Lincoln prayed!—What passion had his soul—  
Mixt faith and anguish melting into prayer  
Upon the burning altar of God's fane,  
A nation's altar even as his own!

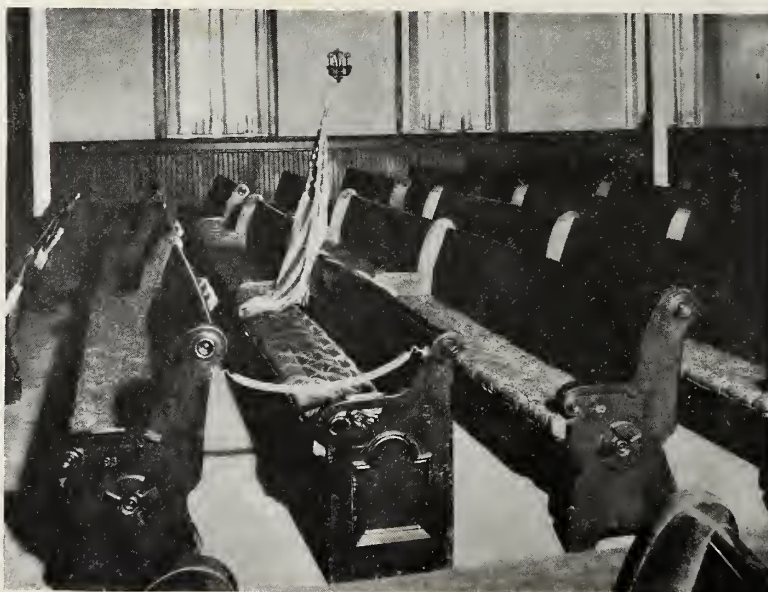
Where Lincoln prayed!—Such worshipers as he  
Make thin ranks down the ages. Would'st thou know  
His spirit suppliant? Then must thou feel  
War's fiery baptism, taste hate's bitter cup,  
Spend similar sweat of blood vicarious,  
And sound like cry, "If it be possible!"  
From stricken heart in new Gethsemane.

Who saw him there are gone, as he is gone;  
The pew remains, with what God gave him there,  
And all the world through him. So let it be—  
One of the people's shrines.

occasions, not part of government routine or having official significance, were there assembled so many distinguished and representative people as on the evening of November sixteenth. Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court presided. The main body of the church was filled with members of the cabinet, justices of the Supreme Court and of the District Courts, senators and representatives, the District Commissioners, officers of the Army and Navy and others prominent in the government, business and ecclesiastical life of Washington.

President Roosevelt occupied the Lincoln Pew with his Secretary of State, John Hay. After an address by John Bach McMaster of the University of Pennsylvania on "The American of 1863," President Roosevelt spoke from the pew saying in part:

Mr. Justice. A man would be a poor citizen of this country if he could sit in Abraham Lincoln's pew and not feel the solemn sense of the associations borne in upon him; and I wish to thank the people of this church for that reverence for the historic past, for the sense of historic continuity, which has made them keep this pew unchanged. I hope it will remain unchanged in this church, as long as our country endures. We have not too many monuments of the past.



Lincoln Pew, New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington

*Presbyterian Magazine Feb 1929*



The Republic Bureau,  
146 Times Building.

New York, Dec. 14.—"Abraham Lincoln" is the first epic poem to receive literary favor in a high degree since "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha," the masterpieces of Longfellow. The Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen, who, under the pseudonym "Sangamon," wrote this later gem, will be pardoned, therefore, if he is proud of his success in the Herald contest. Dr. Allen, to be truthful, is delighted, and justly so, for he won his spurs under exceedingly trying conditions. Not only was he limited in time and space, but he was opposed by the leading poets of the day. The name of one of his rivals is almost a household word in the United States, and of the 1,000 contestants for the \$1,000 prize, at least a dozen are rhymsters of more or less renown, and 50 chose Abraham Lincoln as their subject. Of course, their names will not be revealed; that would never do, in view of an important condition of the contest. But, as Antony said, "They are all honorable men"—and women.

The Rev. Lyman Whitney Allen is a resident of Newark, N. J. He is pastor of the South Park Presbyterian Church of that city, and, oddly enough, dwells in a retired section of the city, just off Lincoln Park, so named in honor of the martyred President. Dr. Allen has lived in Newark since 1889, and is one of the foremost men of the city. When he dropped the pseudonym of "Sangamon," and stood revealed as a native St. Louisan and a graduate of Washington University, The Republic correspondent lost no time in communicating

with Dr. Allen. An exchange of courtesies followed, through the mail, and on Friday evening your correspondent called upon "Sangamon" to offer the congratulations of The Republic and to learn the details of Dr. Allen's achievement.

In a pleasant, conversational way, the author of "Abraham Lincoln" told the story of the poem, and of its acceptance by the judges in the contest. Mrs. Allen, a charming lady, joined in the recital, and to her Dr. Allen attributed a large part in the success of his venture. Mrs. Allen is a woman of discriminating taste and fine judgment in literature, and is deeply read in the poets. She rendered valuable assistance in the preparation of "Abraham Lincoln," and while disclaiming any credit for the poem, is justly proud of its reception.

Dr. Allen has received a number of congratulatory letters and telegrams from old friends in St. Louis in the last day or two. Prof. Engels, the mathematician of Washington University, was among the first to congratulate him. Several communications have also been received from defeated competitors for the Herald prize, some of a humorous nature; others colorous, and all good humored.

Dr. Allen spoke enthusiastically of his life in St. Louis. He is very proud of his native city, as he has stated in a letter published elsewhere. The author of "Abraham Lincoln" graduated at Washington University in the class of '78. Many of his classmates have since taken an advanced position in life. Prof. Taussig of Harvard, E. C. Elliot, whose father was Chancellor of the University at that time; William S. Eames, a brother-in-law and exemplar of Prof. Chase, now of New York; A. F. Shapleigh, and Harry Knox were a few of Dr. Allen's classmates during his term at Washington.

Later he went to Princeton and there studied theology, but Dr. Allen said his Princeton experience would never obliterate the memories which clustered around his school days at the university in St. Louis. It was there that his early impressions were formed, and there was laid the foundation of his success in life. He would never forget St. Louis and the friendships formed there were of the kind that time

does not shake. To have won the Herald prize as a St. Louisan, Dr. Allen said, had been a genuine pleasure. And then followed the story of "Abraham Lincoln" and "Sangamon."

James Gordon Bennett opened the literary contest in February, 1895, but not until August did Dr. Allen give a thought to entering the lists. In the early part of that month he called at the office of the New York Independent. It happened that Dr. William Hayes Ward, the editor, was away on his vacation. In his absence Dr. Allen sought an editorial assistant, to whom he explained that he wished to submit a manuscript anonymously, and asked that the editor would act as his intermediary and preserve the secret of his identity. Dr. Allen was assured that there would be no objection to his doing this. To make quite certain, Dr. Allen wrote a letter to Dr. Ward, stating the facts as above related. He did not at any time mention that the manuscript was intended for the prize contest. It is quite possible that the letter never reached Dr. Ward. At all events he lost sight of the matter. And so, it proved, did his assistant.

In the meantime, Dr. Allen had forwarded his poem to the Herald. The judges decided that "Abraham Lincoln" was the best poem of the thousand or more offered, and then they began to hunt up the author. The poem was signed "Sangamon," and there was no additional clew except a sealed envelope. This was opened and found to contain the following lines:

"To the Editor of the Herald: Any communication will reach the author of this poem addressed as follows: 'Sangamon,' care of the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D., editor of the Independent, P. O. box 2,787, New York City."

To Dr. Ward the judges went, but he confessed ignorance of the identity of "Sangamon," having forgotten all about Dr. Allen's injunction. Later, when the Herald advertised for the missing author, Dr. Allen went to Dr. Ward and disclosed his secret. The editorial assistant then recalled the facts. But Dr. Allen still desired to retain his anonymity, and was only persuaded to change his mind after considerable pressure was brought to bear.

Dr. Allen's technique, if that term may be applied to his method of writing, is betrayed in the invocation, at the commencement of his poem, to the muse of epic song, and in his tribute to the masters of that

mighty line, Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton.

In reciting the story of how he wrote "Abraham Lincoln," Dr. Allen said the inspiration was inborn. He came of old Virginia stock on the maternal side, but his grandfather, Rev. Dewey Whitney, lived in Springfield, Ill., and was pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church there when Lincoln and Douglas were in the Legislature. Although a mere child, he learned of Lincoln's life struggles from his grandfather, and, on fine days, he used to walk along the Sangamon River, and there he formed an early acquaintance with the great liberator. Dr. Allen grew familiar with Lincoln's haunts and became a warm admirer of the man thus early in life. The Rev. Mr. Whitney watched Lincoln, Douglas and General James Shields with interest, and shared his information with young Lyman Allen. The threatened duel between General Shields and Lincoln is still fresh in Dr. Allen's mind. In the poem, he speaks of the martyred President as the "Star of Sangamon," and the River Sangamon suggested his nom de plume.

When Dr. Allen conceived the idea of entering this competition he had but a short time left for the production of his poem. The manuscript had to be handed in by September 1. It was well along in August before he turned his thoughts to the work. He began at that time. He had concluded to spend his annual vacation at home, and that time he proposed to devote to creation of the poem for the competition.

He plunged first of all into a perusal of histories and biographies from which he could glean the required knowledge. That done, he bent his mind to a contemplation of Lincoln's career and works, and the events of our national life in which Lincoln took part. In that contemplation came the full inspiration for the treatment of his theme, and from it his imagination took wing.

The poem finished, Dr. Allen delivered it to the judges as before related. Nobody but his wife knew that he had entered the competition. Mrs. Allen kept her own counsel.

Then came the time for the award. Dr. and Mrs. Allen knew the announcement of the winners was to be made last Sunday, but they showed no concern for the fate of "Sangamon's" contribution. Dr. Allen did not buy a paper to see, but he and Mrs. Allen were saddened during the day by learning the result. They were among a

party of friends, when one of the party suddenly asked:

"Who is the new epic poet? Who is this 'Sangamon' that has won the prize of \$1,000?"

Neither husband nor wife betrayed their secret. It was a joyful experience for Mr. Allen, such an experience as not one man in a generation has. But it was his desire to keep in the background. He did not court notoriety.

"Why didn't you enter in that competition?" asked one of his friends. Dr. Allen smiled, but still said nothing. However, during the week he was obliged, in order to relieve Dr. Ward, to make known his identity.

Congratulations followed from all sides. One of the letters, from a well-known American poet, said, in part:

"Accept the earnest congratulations of a vanquished rival—one who saw a whole summer's labor, for the time being, lost in reading of the triumph of your epic."

"\* \* \* But nothing which we deserve ever fails to come to us, and nothing comes which we do not deserve. Still, I am glad I tried, although I rest, with broken lance, among the vanquished."

Dr. Allen's triumph is qualified in a single respect. He found it exceedingly difficult to properly treat his subject in the space allotted. It was a condition of the contract that no poem should exceed 700 lines. Dr. Allen paid his tribute to Lincoln in 1,100, and in order to meet the requirement of Mr. Bennett, he was obliged to omit a great deal of matter, and to resort to condensation. The poem as it appeared is an admirable production, but it does not quite suit the fancy of the author, and he will in due time publish "Abraham Lincoln" in book form, adding the detailed stanzas that were omitted in the prize contest.

To "Abraham Lincoln," as already announced, was awarded the prize of \$1,000 offered by the New York Herald for the best epic poem based upon some episode in American history since the beginning of the Revolution. This poem was chosen from among its many competitors because, in the opinion of the judges, it most adequately fulfilled the conditions of the offer and treated a dignified theme with the heroic feeling of the epic.

*St. Louis Republic*  
*Dec 15, 1895*

J. WRIGHT



# Abraham Lincoln.

## INVOCATION.

Of one great ship that sailed the sea  
And weathered the infurled blast;  
Of one great pilot that stood fast  
And brought her into lee,

I sing; and singing seek to use  
Thy founts of song as they of yore  
Sought and found service in thy store,  
O immemorial Muse!

The Grecian bard drew forth from thence  
His linked lakes of centuried song,  
The mirrors of the likeness strong  
Of earth's diviner sense.

The Florentine with screened eyes  
Caught rich and Beatrician gleam  
Of Eunoe's redemptive stream  
And dream of Paradise.

The Seer of Horton finding meet  
Thy rills beyond the hills of time,  
Set ancient sorrow into rhyme  
And sin to music sweet.

The poet of the Holy Grail  
Deep-quaffing placed before thy face  
The idyl-epic of the race,  
The quest's supreme avail.

The Cambridge singer o'er the walls  
Of custom clomb, and roaming found  
The fountains where with rushing sound  
The Laughing Water falls,

The odors of the murmurous pines,  
The music of primeval choirs,  
Mondamin's green and golden spires,  
And Hiawatha's shrines.

O ancient Muse, but ever young,  
Guard of the poets' mystic spring,  
Touch heart and tongue that I may sing  
Somewhat as they have sung,

One meager strain of one great song,  
Which patriot bards through future  
years,  
O'er ever brightening hemispheres  
Shall rapturously prolong;

Of one great hope since time began,  
The dream of every century,  
Love's pure and changeless victory,  
The brotherhood of man.



REV. LYMAN WHITNEY ALLEN, AUTHOR OF THE POEM

## Abraham Lincoln.

We celebrate today the birth  
Of him, who, 'mong the great of earth,  
'Mong those who lived and died for right,  
For freedom fought with val'rous might;  
Had equals few. supe iors none.

Not born of royal blood was he,  
Yet born a king of men to be;  
Anointed such by Providence,  
To be the sure and strong defense  
Of union and of liberty.

He did his kingly work, and died  
A nation's idol and its pride;  
Forevermore became enshrined—  
Such greatness his of heart and mind—  
In hearts of grateful countrymen.

The years will all too soon deface  
The shaft which marks his resting place;  
But never shall the "tooth of time"  
Deface the monument sublime  
His words and deeds for him have reared.

His fame's proportions still enlarge  
As years go by, nor can discharge  
The world to him its growing debt  
Of gratitude, till sun shall set  
In western skies no more.

AMERICUS.

Ames, A. S.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Born in a hovel, trained in Hardship's  
School"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(By A. S. Ames)

Born in a hovel, trained in Hardship's  
school,

He rose sublime, a conqueror over all.

His life of labor, thought and burden-  
bearing

Brought forth his kingly qualities of soul.

Upon his lofty brow he wore those crowns

Which only come with suffering and toil,

The crowns of wisdom, strength and God-  
like love

For all mankind, both enemies and friends.

His spirit still is with us in our need;

His work goes on increasing through all  
time.



### Abraham Lincoln

God made you gentle, with the gentleness  
Of one who holds a baby to her breast,  
Lulling it with a tender song to rest,  
God made you strong, strong with the  
hardiness  
Of soil and separate with the loneliness,  
The suffering of some far off mountain  
crest  
By the eternal snows of silence prest.  
God made you lovely in earth's homeliness.  
God made you. As the years upon their  
wing  
Leave some great deed for man to think  
upon,  
Some painting, sculpture, epic which shall  
bring  
The homage of the world to rest thereon,  
So God leaves you. His Hand's supremest  
thing.  
Man of the Ages—Abraham Lincoln.  
Plainfield. ERENE S. ANGLEMAN.

Newark Eve. News 2-12-30

Angleman, E. S.

Abraham Lincoln

"God made you gentle &—"

Abraham Lincoln

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Of one who holds a baby to her breast,  
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Man of the Ages—Abraham Lincoln.  
Plainfield. ERENE S. ANGLEMAN.  
*newark E. S. Angleman 2/12/30*

# THE ANCIENT MARINER.

It was an ancient mariner,  
And thus he spake to me :  
"Twice twenty year or more I've sailed  
Upon the salt, salt sea."

More stronger of salt the sea must be  
Than XX all of malt,  
When such an ancient sailor-man  
Must call it doubly salt.

"Twice twenty year I've sailed," he said,  
"Upon the salt, salt sea,  
And many strange and fearful things  
Have happened unto me."

"Avast, thou ancient mariner !  
Thou smell'st much of tar ;  
Besides, I've got a telegram,  
With good news from the war."

"Twice twenty year I've sailed," he said,  
"Upon the salt, salt sea ;  
The knowledge I have gained, my boy,  
Were worth a mint to thee."

"Hands off, thou ancient mariner !  
And let my flipper drop ;  
We've glorious news from Grant to-day,  
And stocks are rushing up."

"The hour is now, the Board has met,  
And I am 'in the ring ;'  
Erie is flying like a kite,  
And I may hold the string."

"I must be off, thou ancient man,  
To call on Jones & Tuttle ;"  
"I knew Jack Bunsby well," quoth he,  
"And sailed with Cap'n Cuttle."

He placed his chair beside my own,  
That ancient marinere ;  
And then he called for brandy neat,  
And I for lager beer.

He gave to me for my repast  
Salt-horse and pine-wood cracker ;  
And rammed into his starboard cheek  
Some stuff he called terbacker.

Then thrice he winked his larboard eye  
Right solemnly at me,  
And thus commenced his wondrous tale :  
"There was a man," quoth he —

"Twice twenty year, or more, I've sailed,  
Upon the salt, salt sea ;  
But never have I chanced to meet  
With such a man as he."

"He's older than the hills, they say,  
This old, old marinere ;  
Or just about the age of Airth —  
Say seven thousand year."

"He's older than Methusaler,  
Or any man before ;  
They say he piloted the craft  
That carried Father Noar."

"Our great Rail-splitter dug him up —  
He split the solid stone,  
And there he found this ancient man  
A sittink all alone."

"Our Uncle Abe is fond, you know,  
Of jolly jokes and sells,  
But never cracked a harder joke,  
Than this same Gidyun Welles."

"Quoth Abraham, 'From rebel ram  
Here's just the man to save yc.'  
And so he made old Daddy Welles  
The ruler of our navy."

"From Richmond town the ram came down,  
To Hampton Roads it crept,  
And still old Daddy Gidyun  
He slept, and slept, and slept."

"It stove our splendid frigates' sides,  
And slew our gallant tars,  
While Welles was dreamink ancient dreams  
Of masts, and ropes, and spars."

"Old England sent a steamer out —  
A clipper-ship, and new, sir ;  
A pirate ship some called the craft,  
And some a rebel cruiser."

"She burned and sank our merchant-ships  
All o'er the ocean wide,  
And Daddy Welles's 'creeping things'  
Owdaciously defied."

"That boat had such a jolly time,  
That England scoffed and laughed,  
And sent upon the briny deep  
Some more swift-sailing craft."

"Our flag was driven from the sea,  
Our commerce, sir, was floored,  
And still old Daddy Welles he slept,  
And snored, and snored, and snored."

"Avast, thou sailor-man !" I said,  
"For all athirst am I ;  
So salty is this throat of mine,  
That I shall surely die."

"Come hither, then, thou waiter-boy,"  
The mariner he said.  
"Bring us some beer and brandy neat,  
Before I punch thy head."

The cups were set, our lips were wet,  
And then again began  
To tell his mournful, bitter tale,  
That ancient sailor-man.

"In vain the people raved and swore,  
In vain the merchants wailed :  
Old Welles sent out his 'creeping things,'  
But still the pirates sailed."

"The 'creeping things' beset the coast  
Of all the rebel land ;  
But nightly still the boats slipped in,  
With goods called contraband."

"Another man this ancient man  
Employed to do his talks ;  
A sly, and slippery, cunning chap —  
I think they called him Fox."

"So, while this ancient man slept well,  
His head upon a hawser ;  
This sly and slippery cunning chap  
Was mate, all hands, and boss, sir."

"And while our ships were burned and sunk,  
And commerce went to pot,  
He squandered millions of our cash —  
I want to know for what."

"Thou knowest, broker of the stocks,  
How great has been the cost ;  
Thou knowest well what wondrous wealth  
Beneath the sea is lost."

"At times the thunder of our guns  
Awakes this ancient bore ;  
He claims the credit of the work,  
And falls asleep once more."

"I know, thou antique sailor-man,"  
I said, "of Welles and Fox ;  
But what has that to do with me,  
Or with the price of stocks ?"

"That Old Man of the Sea," he said,  
"About our necks has hung,  
And though we sought to shake him off,  
Has clung, and clung, and clung."

"Must we be bothered four more years  
By dozes and by dreams ?  
And can't we swop such horses off,  
Even in crossing streams ?"

"O, think, thou broker of the stocks,  
What fate must yet be ours,  
If we must still be swayed and spoiled  
By dull and drowsy powers !"

I left that ancient mariner,  
Swift to the Board I ran ;  
But stocks were down, and I was then  
A wiser, poorer man.

Anthracite Hill (of the Board of Brokers)

Frank Moore p. 448



# A Tribute to Lincoln

Nature gave to him a majestic air and simple form,  
A mind of power, a heart impulsive, warm,  
A flaming hope to light his steadfast aim,  
And thus he labored hard until glory 'round him came.  
Outborne through life as o'er a stormy sea,  
The drifting danger his wisdom did foresee;  
Under his brave guidance and sagacious leadership,  
The monster billows harmed not our good State ship,  
As no storms or waves her prow could molest,  
For the peerless captain paused not to rest.

In every place and age there looms a hero's monument,  
With its placid mein, silent as the firmament;  
While his is made of everlasting love and sorrow sublime,  
Which will glide on to the soundless depths of time.  
His name with voiceless eloquence will changeless stay,  
While others are being swept away.  
His glory shines like the stars, always the same,  
As rivers flow, and bear unchanged their names.  
In the midst of national triumph and glorious power,  
Treachery brought low our chief in one short hour.

No stroke of death can living love repeal,  
For it will never vanish, like the thunder peal.  
Peace to the martyr's soul! None grudged the falling tear  
Which each silent mourner shed at his bier.  
Deep fell the shade of sadness over the nation's brow;  
Its towering oak had fallen, as one great bough.  
His humble birth by Christ was crowned,  
And no angel's face upon his noble brow shall frown  
When with God he appears face to face,  
Upon the last judgment day of the human race.

SALVATOR ANTOLINA, School No. 2, Grade 9th.

Note—The interest aroused by THE TIMES' Lincoln Prize Essay Competition for pupils of the public schools has given birth to the above poetical tribute to the Savior of His Country, which, though not eligible for the competition under the rules governing it, is of so unusual merit as to deserve recognition. Nearly all the pupils of the five higher grades of the public schools are writing essays on Lincoln, and unusual interest in the subject is being manifested by school children.

## OUR MURDERED CHIEF.

BY ARABELLA A--.

Four years of fearful and determined strife,  
That preyed upon our country's very life,  
Have passed triumphant, and with giant might,  
Truth stands ascendant and proclaims its right.

Four years, and oh, what lives have not been spent,  
What homes made vacant, and what bosoms rent!  
But such was the decree that traitors urged—  
Can e'er their souls of guilt like that be purged?

Four years of conflict ended, freedom smiles,  
And treads secure of all malignant wiles;  
But hear the coward blow a coward dealt,  
A blow that all the christian world hath felt.

Scarce had those twice two years of warring passed,  
And peace in all its triumph dawned at last,  
When unsuspected the assassin's hand  
Laid low the chief protector of our land.

Four years of just administrative skill  
Had shown the country Lincoln's great good will,  
When baffled treason with the murderer's art,  
Stopped the life-throbbings of his noble heart.

In recreation from the cares of state  
He sat unconscious of his nearing fate,  
When quick a sharp report came like a knell,  
And Lincoln's head upon his bosom fell.

Then up a traitor rose and swiftly fled,  
And waved his weapon high above his head,  
Exclaiming in a loud but frightened breath,  
"Let tyrants always thus be meted death."

But that opprobrious title hath no claim  
To couple with our murdered chieftain's name;  
He held unflinchingly to virtue's laws,  
And died a martyr to our sacred cause.

Not even they who treason's schemes abet,  
Can cast upon his fame such epithet;  
For none exists but must his acts commend,  
And none can say our chief was not his friend.

A lenient spirit all his thoughts controlled,  
His heart was generous though firm and bold;  
Mercy would prompt him oft when justice urged,  
And yet from duty's path he ne'er diverged.

Oh, may his soul in endless rest abide,  
High o'er this world at his Creator's side;  
And may his spotless name on earth endure  
As long as nature treasures aught that's pure.



Are, Jay

LINCOLN

"From out a lowly cabin set"

*LINCOLN*

*From out a lowly cabin set  
Amid Kentucky hills  
Emerged a soul with noble aims  
To heal our country's ills.*

*Because he walked in righteous-  
ness,*

*'Our Nation still survives —  
A symbol of that liberty  
For which man ever strives.*

JAY ARE.

Philadelphia.

Phila. Ledger 2-12-34

## Lincoln and Equality

*Lincoln ever urged in rugged integrity  
The goal of civic purpose: all men must be free.  
But this great truth: "all men are created equal,"  
Carried, to him, a logical, civic sequel.  
While equality of men we sing and rehearse,  
Let's remember: civic coins have their obverse;  
As civic truth is fortified by counterpart,  
Let these thoughts of Lincoln be writ in mind and heart:*

*Equality, Lincoln said, means "an unfettered start,"  
But achievement remains the individual's part.  
Society must strive to give all "an equal chance;"  
But as he uses that chance will each man advance.  
"Unfettered start; equal chance" are supplied in vain  
Unless men, and nations, labor, achieve, attain.*

ARGYEL

FEBRUARY 12, 1962

THE LINDSTROMS  
419 OCEAN AVENUE, APT. F  
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

## Lincoln Still Pleads

Once more we celebrate this great man's birth;  
His work preserving liberty on earth.  
But how shall we his life-work celebrate?  
With more understanding; with less of hate.  
Let's resolve, with respect, views to exchange,  
O'er the entire area of civic range.  
We'll either do this, or suffer the fate  
Of civic liberty, exterminate.

To Greeley he wrote: "I shall adopt new views  
"So fast as they shall appear to be true views."  
In a world which knows not time or space,  
Intolerance could easily efface  
Men from the earth. "All men, ev'ry where," made free,  
Is the goal, and price, of our liberty.

ARGYEL

FEBRUARY 12, 1967

*Lincoln Day Greetings*

KATHERINE AND RALPH LINDSTROM  
115C MARGUERITA AVENUE  
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA 90402

## Lincoln's Purpose

*"I would save the Union" Lincoln simply said,  
When Greeley hurled invective at his head.  
Lincoln hated slav'ry — loved the Union more;  
"One nation, indivisible" from shore to shore;  
Land where truly constructive criticism  
Tests what we do, without creating schism.  
Then in mutual respect, let us unite  
As one people, for universal right.*

*"With malice toward none; with charity for all," —  
Was Lincoln's last plea and humble call  
To all men for a peaceful, united land,  
Achieving civic purpose, wondrously grand;  
A "vast future" of ever higher gradations:  
"Lasting peace, among ourselves, . . . with all nations."*

ARGYEL

FEBRUARY 12, 1966.

*Lincoln Day Greetings*

KATHERINE AND RALPH LINDSTROM  
115C MARGUERITA AVENUE  
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

## "The Greatest of These is Love"

*When rebellion collapsed with surrender of Lee  
A greater test came: what to do with victory?  
Vengeful men sought Southern humiliation;  
Lincoln prayed for speedy reconciliation.  
He felt the dangers of insane orgies of hate,  
As he drove with his Mary to Ford Theatre fate.  
His last letter his Union-purpose communicates:  
"A Union of hearts and hands as well as of States."*

*Oh America, be strong, and be not affrighted!  
By unity in diversity be truly united.  
Democracy's dialogue, not mutual derision,  
Be the basis of debate and ev'ry decision.  
This means much more than emotional revival.  
It's the very condition of freedom's survival.*

ARGYEL

FEBRUARY 12, 1965.

THE LINDSTROMS  
115C MARGUERITA AVENUE  
SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA



ARMOUR, ANOBEL

Kansas City Star  
February 12, 1956

**LINCOLN, BY FIRELIGHT.**

Intense and eager, young Abe Lincoln  
lay  
And spelled out names and dates of  
history.  
Reading by firelight when at last the  
day  
Of country work had left him this  
hour free.  
Could he have known that an ascen-  
ding star  
Was burning now for him to travel  
by.  
And that that traveling would take  
him far  
Beyond young dreams—that his  
name would not die?  
I think he surely must have felt  
God's touch  
And humbly given Him his lean  
brown hand.  
Knowing that God would not re-  
quire too much  
Of him who loved the people and the  
land  
Because his wish was now, and would  
be then.  
To serve in some small way his fel-  
low men.

ANOBEL ARMOUR.

# Abraham Lincoln

By Richard Armour

Abe Lincoln was a tall man,  
A lanky six-feet-four.  
He had to duck a little  
When coming through a door,  
Yet never was he known to flee  
Or duck responsibility.

Abe Lincoln's sense of humor  
Was such a saving grace  
It turned the dark to brightness,  
Transformed his homely face,  
And brought to people, when he spoke,  
Large wisdom in a little joke.

Abe Lincoln was a tall man,  
A lanky six-feet-four.  
He had to duck a little  
When coming through a door,  
And, strangely, everyone he knew  
From knowing him, felt taller too.

Reprinted from *Our Presidents* by Richard  
Armour. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher.  
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N.Y. With permission from the publisher.

## "GOD SAVE HIM."

WILLIAM J. ARMSTRONG.

"God save our Chief! a people's prayer—  
 Loud lifted cry 'twixt sea and sea,  
 A stricken nation's misery,  
 Voiced on the universal air:  
 And in the mighty plaint hath died,  
 All note of Faction's bitter pride,  
 And he that yesterday had lent  
 His puny will to Party's side,  
 To-day his voice hath grandly blent  
 With that high swelling patriot plea,  
 "God save the President!"

Assassin! thus thy coward hand,  
 Not him thy baseless malice knew.  
 Struck solely down, but madly through  
 A nation's giant heart hath planned  
 Its murderous stroke to pierce;  
 Wide gathering still and strong and fierce,  
 Swift heaping far out all the land,  
 Roll volumed ourses on thy head;  
 From where Maine's chilly torrents pour  
 Their seaward waters mountain fed,  
 To where the eagles slowly soar  
 Around the scorched Sierras' crest;  
 From the billowing prairies of the West,  
 From all the Southland's sunny place  
 That keeps its old high hearted race,  
 From palace homes, in splendor dressed,  
 To the lowliest vine wreathed door  
 Where e'er the nation's columns stand,  
 Broad based in Freedom's deep content,  
 Loud swells on high the prayer's behest,  
 "God save the President!"

Here is no land of lord and Czar,  
 Stern wrestling with a people's will  
 A poisoned fount of tongueless ill  
 That nerves the wild spadassin war,  
 No state with sore, uneasy load,  
 That feels the despot's iron goad,  
 Then turns for crime;  
 But here within her chosen bound  
 Doth freedom take her open road,  
 While deep within her breast is found  
 The generous pulse of brotherhood,  
 That throbbing in an hour sublime  
 Thrills through the roused continent,  
 And freemen's hearts to freemen bent  
 Scorn all save freemen's noblest mood,  
 "God save the President!"

E'en though the honored head shall fall  
 (Spare patriot hearts such stern decrees  
 God spare yet nearer hearts than these)  
 Still let Freedom's proudest State  
 And Equal Law that reigns for all  
 By murderer's steel be consecrate;  
 And let the sword of Faction rust,  
 And narrower grow old discontent,  
 And broader human sentiment,  
 While o'er a fallen leader's dust  
 The cry to Heaven still is sent  
 "God save the President!"

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## THE OTHER FELLOW

By  
Ad Schuster

### Cast From Life.

The hands of Lincoln—cast in life,  
behold,  
Upon the table here, displayed in  
state.  
The labor-knotted right, its ax-  
scarred mate,  
Their calloused palms repeated in  
the mould!  
Oh what a poignant tale these hands  
unfold,  
These mighty hands, with fingers  
long and straight,  
Majestic hands, with graven lines of  
Fate,  
Transmuting baser things to price-  
less gold!

What power in these hands, what  
strength and stress!  
Anon, their touch, what latent ten-  
derness.  
How clean these hands, for all the  
world to see,  
To symbolize a basic purity!  
Gaze on the hands that soon shall  
grasp the pen  
And write these words—"With mal-  
ice to no men!"

—JESSICA PRYSE ARTHUR.



~~"Lincoln thou should'st be living at this hour"~~  
**"O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!"**

Lincoln, thou shouldst be living at this hour.  
 Son of the soil, brother of poverty,  
 Those hardy shapers of great destiny;  
 Exemplar of humility in power,  
 Walking alone to meet thy waiting fate  
 Whose shadow was reflected on thy brow,  
 Lincoln, thy people invoke thy spirit now—  
 Preserve, protect, defend our sovereign state!  
 Lover of justice, and the common good,  
 Despiser of lies, from thy yonder solitude  
 Consider the land of thine and freedom's birth—  
 Cry out: It shall not perish from the earth!  
 Engrave upon our hearts that holy vow.  
 Spirit of Lincoln, thy country needs thee now.  
—G. A.

Read that again! Yea, Lincoln's country, indeed, needs him now. When I visit Mt. Vernon, it seems to me the gracious presence of the benign figure that once called it home may be just around the corner—that all is in waiting for his coming. And when I go away from there I pray that the spirit of Washington be always near, always ready to make itself felt again in our midst.

When I stand in the broad hall of Monticello and look out across its wide lawns down toward the city of Charlottesville and the great university he founded there, it seems to me I must see the tall, majestic personage of Thomas Jefferson, telescope under his arm, just come from scanning the broad landscape below to see how goes it with the institution of his design and building. And I pray that evermore the watchful eye of Thomas Jefferson may be upon the nation his wisdom and courage did so much to bring into being.

The other day, passing down Market street by the Dauphin building, which was once the famous Jones House, from the second story balcony of which Lincoln addressed a throng of admirers on his way to be inaugurated at Washington, I wished to Heaven he might again stand there in this, the nation's critical hour of turmoil, strife and pending peril.

Harrisburg has a very distinct call upon Lincoln. Here, as has been said, he paused to greet his countrymen bound for his first inaugural. Here it was, that, with the plaudits of the multitude still echoing around Market Square, Lincoln learned of the plot to take his life at Baltimore. From here he quietly slipped out of town under the cover of darkness, to a special train beyond the river to outwit those who sought his life.

And back here he came, on his last, long journey, his martyred body to lie in a flag-draped casket at the Capitol, the while the nation he had saved wept in sorrow for his death. Would, indeed, that Lincoln were back again. Those who have succeeded them in power and authority seem so puny, so trifling, so childishly futile beside the towering figures of Washington, of Jefferson and of Lincoln.

We need Lincoln especially for his patience. Few other men have been so little moved by hatred of opponents and few others ever had to endure so much calamity and misrepresentation. Even where his own convictions were most compelling and most steadfast he seldom overlooked the causes of action on the other side or ignored the other fellow's reasons for being and doing what he was and did.

It has been generally remarked that Lincoln's early experiences in the highly flavored Illinois country politics and in the Illinois legislature were no preparation which could reasonably be expected to produce the great wartime leader of the federal Union. It is, however, more likely that this preparation, which was one of dealing with the realities of American political action from the crossroads to the state-house and the congressional district, gave Lincoln the bent he had for treating men and women on a basis of understanding and conciliation whenever and wherever compromise did not defeat an essential principle or loss of position which could not be surrendered.

The habit of mind was invaluable when the great problem was one arising out of the conflict of states, an internal domestic crisis in which people who had once lived together to compose a nation were now disputing and fighting to determine if it should continue to exist.

Lincoln, who if a lesser man might have felt the greatest bitterness, probably felt the least. He could use all the resources at his disposal without stint to accomplish what he regarded as a sacred purpose without adding to the intensity of civil strife by injecting more bitterness into it and thus increasing the chances that it would be irreconcilable.

Lincoln was not a great denouncer of men. It was in his mind that, when what he thought was right prevailed, the people of the country had to be reunited in their natural bonds and that many of the men so bitterly opposed to him must, if he were successful, again be men he would know as his fellow countrymen. The nation, divided as it was, shattered in deadly conflict, was nevertheless the nation, and if it were preserved all its people would be brought together with it.

In so desperate a struggle as his he could keep himself charitably disposed to all, recognizing that men's differences of opinion and ideas of government must in the end be reconciled and that force was not the means perpetually to be used to preserve a country forever divided into embittered camps. Yes, his country needs Lincoln today almost as much as it did then.

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